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Jno. P. BARNETT & Co., Publishers.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., DECEMBER 29, 1875. NO. 52.

SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

If this were all—oh, if this were all,
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fainter soots in the poet's
rhyme,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores
of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul—
Since winds of anguish we cannot
control;
And shock after shock we are called to
bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's
despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are
strewn,

"Unto the ear comes even a moan—
Wrecks of hope that get sail with glee,
Wrecks of love, sinking silently.

Many are hid from the human eye—
O! God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heareth when arose the cry,
"Help me to bear—oh! help me to bear."

"Into each life some rain must fall,"
If this were all—oh, if this were all;
Yet there's a refuge from storm and
blast;
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth
lie;

Days of sunshine are given to all,
Then "into each life some rain must

My Cousin John's Wife.

Every respectable family should
have a Cousin John. I wish that I
could add that he had always been an
ornament to society, an honor to him-
self and the "flower of the family." A
strict regard for veracity—it answers
my purpose on the occasion— forbids
any such observation on my part. I
am obliged to say this masculine spec-
imen of our ancient race was absolutely
the fag-end of our characters. Seem-
ingly, he was the recipient of what was
left after furnishing the heads and
hearts of all the others. When the
grand dames, aunts or uncles, desired to
illustrate any particular vice, John
was held up as the frightful example.

Not that he was an assassin, a high-
wayman or a politician. He was sim-
ply a maelstrom of carelessness and
generosity. If it had not been for him,
he would have made a first-class vag-
abond. As it was, he made out to be
a well-dressed, handsome, "good fel-
low." Beyond that he could not be
trusted, and then only when one's eyes
were on him.

I was sitting in my solitary parlor
one morning, in momentary expecta-
tion of receiving an appeal from sister
Jane to hasten to "The Maples," as
the twins were down with the measles; a
summons from Aunt Hannah to bid
her last, lingering farewell—linger-
ing is the proper word, and as I had
been through the ceremony seven
times—and an invitation from Cousin
Sarah to run over and turn her black
silk. Besides that, I had my own
sorrow. My Tabby had been invisible
for two days. The evening before she
had disappeared she had refused the
fifth saucer of milk for her supper,
and appeared pensive. I feared she
had committed suicide, or wandered
out in this unfeeling world, because
neighbor Brown's Tab had jilted her
for Mrs. Ray's green eyed, black, ugly
feline she had the audacity to call
"Beauty."

Just then, as I was bitterly regretting
that I had not taught Tabby, from
my own experience, something of the
fickleness of the world, and mankind
in particular, who should come blun-
dering in but John. Of course he up-
set a chair, overturned my work-bas-
ket, knocked a book of the table, step-
ped on my weather-o'-the-toe, and
tumbled into my best chair with a
crash. Then he reached over to the
stand beside me, and, taking a pin, began
to draw figures upon my rose
wood writing-desk.

"Good morning, John," I remarked.
"Say, Sebrina," he replied, jabbing
at his forehead with a pin, "I am to
be married next week."

"You surprise me, John."

"Doubtless; but it's a settled fact.
I have purchased the little cottage on
the hill yonder. It is prepared for the
bride. Now you want to go over and
make the place home-like. Have a
jolly supper ready next Thursday
night when we come. You can, Se-
brina; you have no husband."

"John," I cried, "it isn't for me to
say. I might have had a dozen hus-
bands, with a touch of pride."

"And all died of a broken heart," he
laughed. "But will you go?"

Having survived in the champion-
ship of my own cognomen until I had
arrived at a respectable age, I was ac-
customed to being a convenience. I
think our family had a habit of consid-
ering it a charity to make me useful.
Therefore I didn't say "Nay, John."

In due time I went over to the cot-

tage. It was cozy and pleasant, save
the varnish odor which always clings
to new furniture. How the relatives
did run over that place! What com-
ments were made! They ended the
siege at last by declaring, now that
John was to be married, he would be
entirely lost unless his wife had suf-
ficient decision to insist upon the turn-
ing of a new leaf in his conduct. And
as he had been so neglectful as to con-
sult none of them, probably she was

an unsuitable person.

They came. John introduced me to
"My wife Mattie," with a great flour-
ish. My heart misgave me. "My
wife Mattie" was a tiny pink and white
doll, with a profusion of light curls
and frizzles. When I looked into her
large, laughing blue eyes, I almost
cried when I thought how sad they
would grow under John's treatment.

I promised to remain with them until
Mattie should become acquainted with
the place. She had left an immense
number of sisters and brothers—John
was sure to marry into a large family—
and would be lonely.

For a whole fortnight everything
was lovely; John devoted, punctual
and altogether a model husband; Mattie
was a perfect pattern of a house-
wife, lovely and happy. It was
"John, dear," and "Mattie, darling,"
until I was fairly wild for a good,
healthful snarl from my Tabby, who
had returned to her home.

But when John was a month mar-
ried he was more lawless than ever.

He forgot to order the repast for din-
ner when he came—but four days out

of five he forgot to come home to din-
ner. He threw off all household cares.

He was even growing careless in his
dress, and threw everything into dis-
order whenever he entered the cottage.

The pink in Mattie's cheeks began to
change to white, and the laugh in her
eye to a sob. Evidently she had been

a favorite at home, and was sorely
grieved. I longed to comfort her, but
I did not know what to say.

She was sitting before the grate one
evening, waiting tea, as usual. "I
presume he will not come," she said,
with a sigh; "I do wish John wouldn't
do so!"

"But he will," I replied; "it's his
way."

"It is?" with a little start.

"Ye, indeed. He was very foolish
to marry, considering his negligence.
All the relatives pity you," I went on,
in an effort to console her, "and if it
becomes unbearable, some of them will
blame you."

Perhaps the fire in the grate flamed
up her cheeks. At all events, they
were crimson. She thrust both hands
into her curls, and then said, sweetly:

"We may as well have tea, Cousin
Sebrina."

John came in at half-past eleven,
overflowing with glib excuses. Mattie
stood on tip toe and kissed him with
more of the old look than I had seen
for days. After my hint, she might
have taken a decided stand in the
camp.

I was awakened next morning by
Mattie's clear voice twittering a ballad.
At breakfast she informed me that I
must not go home as I intended, but
was to remain another month. In
pity, I did, but regretted it. It isn't
necessary to put in all the agony of
those days. Suffice it to say, that in
less than a week that house was the
heaven of confusion. Mattie trotted
round under an arch little hat, finding
congenial spirits. She forgot all her
housewifely ways; we had "pieces on
our hands." For a time I never saw
two persons so utterly delighted with
each other's shiftlessness. Blacking
and powder, boots and bonnets, found
a place in the sitting-room; the parlor
boasted of more refined articles, such
as collars, cuffs, slippers and laces.

John began to be rather ill provi-
ded with shirts. Galling for one of those
clean articles as a necessary part of a
reception toilet, Mattie laughingly
said:

"Now, isn't it too funny! I really
forgot you needed a clean shirt. Six
are rough-dried in the closet, three I
forgot to put in the wash, and the oth-
ers haven't a button on. But you will
not mind waiting, darling, and Cous-
in Sebrina will sew them on."

"We are late already," replied John,
almost savagely.

As might have been expected, we
had a late breakfast the next morning.
Mattie presided at the table, collarless,
hair in disorder, and slippers down at
the heel. John's disposition being
slightly ruffled, he was inclined to car-

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

A Strange Sequel at a Strange Duel.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

On the 12th day of June, 1863, I
witnessed a duel between a Captain
Jones, commanding a Federal scout,
and Captain Fry, commanding a Rebel
scout, in Green county, East Tennessee.

These two men had been fighting
each other for six months, with the

fortunes of battle in the favor of one
and then the other. Their commands

were camped on either side of Lick
creek, a large and sluggish stream, too
deep to ford and too shallow

for a ferry boat; but there was a

bridge spanning the stream for the
convenience of the traveling public. Each

of them guarded this bridge, that

communication should go neither North

or South, as the railroad track had been
broken up months before.

After fighting each other for several months, and

contesting the point as to which should

hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a

duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge

undisputed for the time being.

"Mannie," said he, in a towering rage,

"when I married you, you were neat,

orderly, and endeavored to please me.

Should a husband come to such a dinner

as this?" Really, madam, if I had

need of the gridiron, I should as soon

look in your dressing room as in the

kitchen for it."

And so he went on a full quarter of

an hour, bubbling over and fairly livid
with rage. I expected a great scene.

But Mattie sat very still and placid

until he paused, because he was too an-
gry to go on. Then she arose, and

giving over to him, said:

"My dear John, you astonish me!

I most earnestly desire to please you.

I am merely following your example.

When I married you you regarded my

every wish. Now, you forget to pro-
vide for me, or give me money to

keep myself from starving. If I wanted

your boots, I should find one pair

under the sitting-room sofa, and an-
other under the kitchen table.

And so he went on, in a fury, for

another hour, until he was too angry

to go on. Then she arose, and said:

"My dear John, you astonish me!

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THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29 1875.

FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

A glance at the date of this issue reminds us that another year is hurriedly preparing to pass over its checks to "Old Mother Time." The last week of the last month is upon us, and it might not be amiss for us to take a retrospective view of the past year; but we forbear to look back, lest we suffer the fate of Lot's wife. We prefer to "leave the dead past to bury its dead." We have all had some misfortunes and adversities during the past year, but it is folly to spend the present precious golden moments in grieving over the mistakes of the past. Bitter regrets and secret pinings over what has been, will only tend to weaken our energies for what is to be. Let us gather strength from the experience of the past, and look forward to a more hopeful future. Let us not prophesy adversity nor heed advice from the frenzied croakers that throng our path.

There are those who make it a rule to look at the dark side of the picture only, and they never once see the "silver lining of the storm-cloud." They are bound with their troubles, without any hope of a resurrection. The sable clouds of (to a great extent) imaginary sorrow shut out all the beautiful sunlight of life. Contact with such parties, unless prudently guarded against, is as dangerous to our prosperity as the breath of the fatal si-moon to life and health. The times in which we live require men and women of cheerful hearts, iron nerve and indomitable energy.

Our National centennial year is about to usher in, and we prophesy an unusual onward move in all the arts and sciences during the year, for inventive genius will receive fresh impetus from the awards and encouragements given by the various centennial exhibitions. The times are indeed propitious. We are having a tremendous political revolution. Kings and cliques that have been plundering the people are being hunted up, and honesty and fair dealing is once more becoming fashionable. Let us no longer distrust. We ought to, can and must look to a hopeful future; matters might be worse, let us make them better. The great world above and around us is grand and beautiful to those who try to make it so. We are making rapid strides toward a better day. This life of ours is, after all, about as we should make it. If we can banish grief and care, let's hasten to undertake it. We hope our readers have had a merry Christmas, and we now wish them a glad new year.

EDITING AND PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER.

It is trouble at all to edit and publish a country newspaper, in such a way as to meet the tastes and desires of all its readers and the public generally, and in such a manner that no one can take offense, and to write an article that one person will unhesitatingly pronounce good logic and another will pronounce a good joke. All this is not only easily done, but it is a pleasure. No practice, no mind, no thought or labor is necessary, all you need is a piece of paper and a pencil. It is all nonsense to talk about this or that editor getting up a spicy sheet, and editors who put such stuff in their papers do it because they have nothing else to fill their columns with. Editors know all the news going, either foreign, local or general, and people need not put themselves to the trouble of communicating any news items to us. They are always well posted on science, art, politics, commerce, finance, and in fact upon every subject, and have read all the books ever published from the travels of Gulliver down to minister Schenck's work on poker-playing, and have read all the newspapers published. They take a particular delight in loaning their exchanges before they have had a chance to read them, especially to persons who do not subscribe for or advertise in their paper. They are ever ready on the shortest notice to give you a handsome puff gratis, and will quit any other kind of work to do it. They never think of any such thing as pay for it, and you need not even thank them as it is not expected. Don't pay your subscription—you would surprise the editor if you were to. The editor knows he can run his paper for nothing, except the glory of it, and he does not expect pay. If there is a paper published in your county don't think of advertising in it, and if you want any job-work done be sure to send it off to the city and have it done, unless your county paper will do it for nothing and give you a puff besides. Go to the office about once a week, especially if you are not a

patron of the paper, and lecture the editor about how to run a newspaper, and don't forget to tell him if he would only take your advice, and run it right, he would soon make a grand success of it.

Follow the foregoing advise and your county paper will flourish like a summer snow, and the editor will feel as a country boy at a town frolic. So far as Ohio county is concerned, it is useless for us to give these suggestions, for they already understand them and act them out in toto.

EX-SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON.

The upright and fearless course of ex-Senator Henderson in the prosecution of the St. Louis whisky ring thief has brought him again prominently before the public. Mr. Henderson, it may be remembered, was in the Senate from Missouri at the time of the impeachment of President Johnson, and voted with Fessenden, of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Trumbull, of Illinois, and Fowler, of Tennessee, for acquittal. As he had previously been a staunch Republican, and, as accused as certain to vote for conviction, his action provoked a bitter hostility to him, which he ascribed, rightly or wrongly, to Ben Butler and Gen. Grant, and which resulted in his being shelved by the Missouri Republicans. He denounced Grant and Butler publicly and privately in 1868, and being somewhat vindictive, possibly he had not yet forgotten his antipathy. Perhaps the recollection of his own wrongs was not without effect in inspiring the speech which caused his dismissal as Assistant Government counsel in the whisky cases.—*Russellville Herald*:

A Washington dispatch says: "Grant is still cudgeling his brain on the subject of Cuba, and it now transpires that he and Secretary Fish are decidedly at variance upon several points involved in the question. Fish is opposed to any interference whatever by our Government, whether in the shape of recognition or belligerency, or of independence or offer of mediation. Grant is in favor of the latter policy. Fish promulgated his views through the correspondence of the New York *Tribune*. Grant will set forth his in a double-leadered leader in the *Republican*."

A Washington letter says: "One of the most impressive features of the present gathering of Congress is the presence of Southern members and their Southern friends. The warm Southern grasp of the hand, charming Southern accent, and the impulsive Southern manner, give a new zest to Washington life to one who has not been here since the war. All the born Southerners who come here take an interest now in National affairs that might astonish some who remember the bitterness of a few years ago."

It is said that Parson NEWMAN, General GRANT's chaplain, induced him to join the O. A. U. out of compliment. The President went in to oblige his spiritual adviser, but seeing that he could use the order as a political machine, has become a very earnest member. He can cry "The Shield! The Shield! The Shield," and tap his nose as well as any of them now.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Richard T. Jacob has been elected by the Magistrates of Oldham county, and commissioned by the Governor, County Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge T. A. Rodman, whose failing health has compelled him to relinquish the duties of the office.—*Frankfort Yeman*.

Governor McCreary received on Thursday from General Hewett, Quartermaster General of the State, now in Washington, a U. S. Treasury draft for \$12,950 18, as part payment upon the war claim of Kentucky. He writes that installments involving the payment of much larger sums are undergoing examination by the proper officers, and he has hopes of further collections after the Christmas Holidays.—*Frankfort Yeman*.

GENERAL JAMES A. DAWSON is a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. The General is well known all over the State, and if elected will make an efficient clerk.

CARL SCHUREZ's paper the St. Louis *Westlich Post*, nominates HENDERSON for President, and says BRISTOW must stand out of the way.

In ancient Rome, during the period between 200 and 300 A. D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was thirty years. In the present century, among the same classes of people, it amounts to fifty years.

Prof. Lister, a New York astrologer, expects to discover Tweed's whereabouts by studying the stars. The idea of looking in the direction of heaven for the "Boss!"

THE CROW HOUSE,
Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT PROPRIETOR.
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. & W. railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,
—WITH—

GARDNER & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,
No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth
LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John B. Vaught.

Jacob A. Harrison.

Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.



SETH THOMAS
CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

C. P. BARNES & BRO.,
Jewelers, Main st., bt. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

FIRST
New Goods
OF THE
SEASON,

W. H. WILLIAMS,
HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizen of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,
THE LATEST NOVELTIES
IN

DRY GOODS,
Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps;

BOOTS & SHOES,
Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and
FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's, Admr., pltf., against James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts. } Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, in office in Hartford, Ky., or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

July 14, 1875.

MENDEL & KAHN,
CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

M. & K. will take this occasion to no-

tify the farmers of Ohio and

Indiana, that they are large and con-

stant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very

highest market prices. They also do the larg-

est

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always pa-

ying higher prices, IN CASH, than anybody

else. They ask a share of public patronage.

23-4m

W. HARDWICK,

A. T. NALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange

for country produce, paying the highest market

price.

PROSPECTUS!

OF THE HARTFORD HERALD.

HARTFORD MALE
AND
FEMALE SEMINARY.

(--)

The next Session of this institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the

charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A.M.

aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the

session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00

Junior 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to

\$3.00 a week. For further information apply

to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

335-ff SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address

DORSEY, HENRY & CO.

14 and Delaware,

Louisville, Ky.

References:—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis,

Hartford, Ky.

Rufer's HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

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HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
BY
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisers of business are solicited; except those of saloons keepers, dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns for any circumstance.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.

Mon. Jas. Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.

A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.

E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.

E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Mon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.

J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

J. Smith Fitchburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.

W. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.

W. L. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Clerk District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,

h. 12 March 5, June 15, September 4, December 1.

E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 16, December 4.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 5, June 15, September 2, December 16, D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Render, Justice, held March 21, June 14, September 20, December 15, T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 25, September 15, December 2.

Gill's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, March 11, June 25, September 11, December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 24, June 10, September 25, December 11.

Wardville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, March 20, June 7, September 22, December 8.

Wills District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas. Miller, Justice, March 22, June 8, September 2, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper, Justice, March 13, June 25, September 14, December 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25, June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, March 27, June 16, September 29, December 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17, June 25, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Abon, Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, December 28. Jno. W. Leach, Justice, March 26, June 12, September 25, December 14.

Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G. Wadding, Justice, March 19, June 5, September 2, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, March 6, June 15, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins, Justice, March 16, June 22, September 10, December 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—E. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.

Beaver Dam.—B. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Cerfay.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will please call and pay up, as we are in urgent need of some money. We cannot run a newspaper without money, and hence we are under the necessity of collecting as fast as amounts fall due.

A Splendid Investment.

We will send the *Farmers' Home Journal*, price \$2.00 per year, and the *HARTFORD HERALD*, price \$2.00 per year, to the same address for the small sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the money and get both papers.

Look out for the Red Mark.

Subscribers who see a red mark on the margin of their paper near their names may know that their time has expired. We hope all such will renew at once.

Terrible Storm at Sea.

And there will be a terrible storm around here if those who owe me do not come up and pay me at once. I cannot furnish the sick with medicine free, as I have to pay cash for all drugs. I will be compelled to sue on all my notes and accounts if not paid at once.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

Nov. 24th, 1875.

'Possum pie.
Good-bye 1875.
Leap year party.

A new painter in town.
The river is rising again.
No tobacco as yet coming in.
Look out for the fortune-teller.

This is the last paper in this year.

Quite a number of visitors in town.

This is fine weather for handling tobacco.

Rev. Mr. Gardner did not fill his appointment here Sunday.

Our thanks are due Mr. Wm. Phillips for late Cincinnati papers.

Enlarge your advertisements for the new year.

An immense amount of rain fell Sunday.

Drummers are not quite so numerous as they have been.

Mr. L. P. Foreman now manipulates the yard-stick at E. Small's.

Wild geese are frequently seen in large gangs going North.

Harry Bridges, from Carson, Daniel & Co., was in town Monday.

Girls, don't forget the leap-year party.

If the fortune-teller comes around treat her gently. She's a deserving old lady.

We're going to have it—the leap year party.

Dry goods business is on the improve.

Don't fail to attend Lodge to-morrow night.

Something needed—improvements on the streets.

There were more drunken men in town last Friday and Saturday than we have seen for some time.

Improvements at the courthouse are being made in the way of laying brick walks.

Mr. W. H. Griffin left yesterday morning for Elizabethtown, where he will spend several days with relatives.

If you want "laugh and grow fat" converse with the new painter. He's full of fun.

Time makes many changes—but the HERALD will enter upon a new year week after next.

When you want a nice, cheap suit of clothes, give Geo. Platt a call. He'll fix you up all right.

Mr. W. A. Gibson was in town Saturday, and called up to see "the boys."

Miss Alice Jarboe and Miss Jennie Bennett are spending Christmas in Owensboro.

Miss Logie Walker is spending holidays at home, but will return to school in a short time.

There is a great deal of tobacco in the county for sale, but none of our buyers have the nerve to buy.

Hartford is to-day older than Louisville, and not a respectable side-walk or pavement can be found in town.

Mr. Perry B. Wilkes of Horse Branch station Ohio county, was the first to renew his subscription for the year 1876.

Marion Taylor, of color, was placed in jail on Monday last for bad conduct among some of the colored females.

Messrs. George Platt, Harry Bridges, Jacob Duke, J. T. Moore, F. B. Wise and E. Small, went over to Cromwell Sunday. They think it rained a little.

Mr. John O'Flaherty, formerly of this place, but now principal of the Livermore High School is spending a few days in town.

The Rev. Mr. Riggins, of St. Louis, Mo., of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, will hold services at court-house to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock.

Little Guy Bennett and May Lyon had a Christmas tree at the Hartford House, on which many nice presents were placed for distribution.

"Brick" Pomeroy is going to take the *Democrat* to Chicago, and expresses a determination to make it as "red hot" as ever.

Chas. O'Connor, the eminent New York lawyer, who has been lying at the point of death for some time, is reported out of danger.

Terrible Storm at Sea.

And there will be a terrible storm around here if those who owe me do not come up and pay me at once. I cannot furnish the sick with medicine free, as I have to pay cash for all drugs. I will be compelled to sue on all my notes and accounts if not paid at once.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

Nov. 24th, 1875.

The year 1875 will soon bid us all farewell. Let's enter upon the new year more vigorously than we did the past, and be a more prosperous and better people.

We are glad to see Clarence Hardwick, who has been confined to his room for several days past, from a wound received in his wrist while out bird hunting, able to be upon the streets again.

Albert Rial, a small boy in the upper end of town, was wrestling with another boy named Buckner Collins, last Monday, which resulted in the former getting his ankle broken. It was done in the fall; but how neither of them can tell.

Old Santa Claus was very generous this year presenting us with eight dolls. We like the little things, and will start a wholesale establishment in a short time.

A Destructive Storm.

A very destructive storm passed over Cromwell and vicinity last Sunday, extending back from the river about two miles. Fences were blown down to the ground as well as a great deal of fine timber. A house, barn and stable near Pinchico were almost entirely destroyed.

The sun, moon and stars may vary, but when we receive such nice things as the candy sent us last Thursday by Miss Alice Leach, we never fail to return thanks, and here we tender them to her. It was of the cocoanut flavor, and manufactured by her own delicate hands. We were generous, and gave the entire HERALD corps a "bite," which was pronounced by all to be excellent. Many thanks, Miss Alice.

Is it to be an Open Winter.

The Western Indians are prognosticating an open winter. They say the bears are not going into winter quarters at all, and mention the occurrence as something very unusual. It looks very much like the bears were right, and that we are going to have a comparatively open winter. The very cold weather" which Prof. Tice promised us "from Dec. 30th to Jan. 6th" has not yet come to hand.

The store houses of E. V. Kimbley & Son and S. W. Anderson, of Celarvo, this county, were broken into one night last week by a young man named Young. Kimbley & Son lost fifty dollars worth of goods, and numerous little articles were taken from Anderson. Young was arrested, but how he came out we have not yet learned.

A young America from town was in town the other day, and after growing tired of town started for home, but was asked by a friend how he had enjoyed Christmas, when he said: "It's the dullest one I ever saw; even the shooting-crackers don't burst good."

The lining iron for the jail is arriving every day, and Mr. Bennett will proceed with business immediately. Hartford will soon boast of having as good a jail as any of her neighboring counties.

On last Monday the Crow House was rented to the highest bidder. The present proprietor, Mr. J. S. Vaught, will retire from the hotel business in a few days. He will move to his residence in the lower end of town, and will be pleased to carry with him his old customers and as many new ones as may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Mr. Vaught is a very pleasant landlord, and we recommend him to those who wish a pleasant boarding-house.

A delightful time was experienced by the little ones, (and good many large ones, too), at Mrs. W. T. King's Monday night. Little Maggie and Willie entertained their guests in a princely manner, having prepared for them one of the nicest repasts of which the little ones ever had the pleasure of partaking. Their amusement lasted until ten o'clock, when they began to depart for their several homes, with thoughts of the pleasant hours just spent still lingering in their minds. We return thanks to Mrs. King for the nice cake furnished us, and as we were devouing the last morsel, our thoughts were of the kind donor, and Wells made the heaviest sales—they advertised in the HERALD.

To our Patrons.

With this issue the first year of the HERALD's existence comes to a close. We hope the people throughout the county are convinced that a paper can be published in Hartford, and will give us their assistance. The time of a great many of our subscribers expire to-day, and we hope all will renew before next issue. We have made earnest endeavor to give you a readable paper, and by a liberal support of our citizens we will place the HERALD above its former standard. Two dollars is not much for your country paper, and no citizen in the county should be without it. Now, everybody take hold, and we will make the HERALD the best paper published within the Green River country. We will have a great deal of advertising to change next week, and with the force we have in the office it will be too hard on us to issue a paper and make the necessary changes, therefore we will not issue, but the week following we will be promptly on time.

Real Estate Transfers.

[Lodged for record since our last issue.]

M. A. Brown et. al. to Wm. L.

Brown et. al., 32 acres of land on

Green River, \$75.

Elijah Hocker to J. B. & J. L.

Southard, 145 acres of land on Slaty Creek, \$950.

C. J. Lawton Commissioner to Jno.

THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Walking Horses.

We are glad to notice that many of our Western fairs are offering handsome premiums for the fastest walking horses. There is no disguising the fact that a good walk is the most useful gait that a general purpose horse can possess, and if one-half the attention were paid to cultivating this gait, and breeding with a view to its transmission, that is now given to that of training and breeding trotters, horses that could walk five miles an hour would soon be as abundant as 2:30 trotters now are. The trouble now is that the whole country is possessed of a mania for fast trotters, and as soon as the colt is broken to halter, no matter whether he be thoroughbred, Conestoga, Norman, Clydesdale, Hambletonian or Canadian, he is put to trotting. The whole country is engaged in training trotters, from the plow-boy in the field to the professional on the track, to the utter neglect of that more useful, every day gait, the walk. Even the importers of draft stallions from Europe have caught the infection, and, instead of bringing the best walkers, we only hear of their "great trotting action." It is time to put an end to this nonsense; the gait for a draft horse is pre-eminently a walk, while nothing adds more to the ability of the roadster to make a long journey in good time than a walking gait that will carry him along at the rate of five miles an hour. The first aim, when a colt is broken to the harness should be to educate him to a good, fast walk, and after that is done, if you can get him to trot fast, so much the better. One of the most successful breeders of trotting horses in America has often remarked to us that he would not keep a horse on his place that was not a fast walker, and that he had invariably found that the fastest walkers made the fastest trotters. It is a positive luxury to ride or drive a horse that can walk off with you at the rate of five miles an hour. It is such a relief to feel that when you ease up your horse from his swinging trot, or lop, that you have not come to standstill, but that you are yet making respectable progress. For our own private use on the road, the walk is the gait which we prize above all others, and anything which promises to increase the number of fast walking horses shall receive our hearty encouragement.—*Spirit of the Times*:

A man who is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to run a farm. Farmers are not to be made out of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers and merchants are sorted and picked out. And if a man fails on a farm, he is more likely to succeed in a store, for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than to be an average merchant. The one great failure is the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is skill, labor, and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more land than he can thoroughly manage by his own personal labor. Every acre beyond that is an encumbrance. One acre well worked is more profitable than twenty acres skinned over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not the capital to work it, that keeps so many poor. Small farms are better than large ones, simply because they are better suited to the capital of common farmers. Large farmers, with large capital are better than small ones. Farming is a good business for all men who conduct it on proper principles, and have capital according to the size of their farms.

Too Much Land and too Little Capital.

One of the curses of Kentucky and other States to-day, is too much land and too little capital. The individual who is a man of rare push and energy, to enable him to get rid of the incubus, is much worse than an ordinary slave. His mind has lost its freedom. He is unable to give his thoughts to his business. Every now and then the image of the party to whom he is in debt will rise up in horrible proportions before him. Young man, don't be too big a hurry to own large tracts of land. Hasten slowly, as the old German proverb has it, and what you do, do well. The spread-eagle style of agriculture is played out, and there is no sort of analogy between thousands of acres over which the eye cannot range, and an immense mercantile project, every part of which is right under the personal inspection of its manager.—*Robertson County Tribune*.

Corn and Potatoes.

The agricultural report for December says that the November returns indicate that the corn crop of 1875 was one of the largest ever grown in the country, probably equaling the very large crops of 1870 and 1872. It is at least four times greater than the crop of 1874, and about a third larger than the crop of 1869. Every section of the Union reports some increase.

Potatoes.

The potato crop is extraordinary, in both product and quality. The yield in the district reported is one fourth greater than last year. In the rainy section the sweet potato crop suffered in yield and quality from excessive moisture. In the Gulf States and west of the Mississippi the yield largely exceeds that of last year. The quality is above average.

Balky Horses.

The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end:

1. Tying a string around the horse's ear near to the horse's head.

2. Hitching the horse to the swing-tree by means of a cord instead of the tugs; the cord fastened to the horse's tail.

3. Filling the mouth full of some disagreeable substance.

4. Tying a stout twine around the leg, just below the knee, and then removing it when he has traveled some distance.

Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let every thing be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man and you will succeed.

Grange Items.

Kentucky has 1,632 Granges and above 100,000 enrolled members.

Brother O. H. Kelley, Secretary of the National Grange, will furnish Patrons desiring it with a copy of the proceedings of the National Grange. His address is Louisville, Kentucky.

The Alabama State Grange echoes a response to their Kentucky brethren in regard to petitioning Congress to cease class legislation for monopolies, and against the renewal of any patent whatever, from this time forward and forever. State Master Davie, of Kentucky, recommends that a petition go forward, asking the Legislature to remove the odious ten per cent interest law that now gives the cream of the laborers products of the country into the hands of the money dealers.

The State Lecturer recently chosen in Kentucky, R. W. Smith, of Geneva, Henderson county, will soon give out a list of appointments for lectures, beginning in his own section. His aim will be to visit the Granges in every county during the next year, if possible.

How to Get Along.

Pay as you go. Never fool in business matters. Do not kick every one in your path. Learn to think and act for yourself. Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Do not stop the plow to tell stories. Have order, system, regularity and promptness.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

No man can get rich by setting around stores and saloons.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily than by stopping.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Tremendous Hogs.

M. C. M. Keiser exhibited in front of our office on Monday, three hogs of his own raising that we have never known equalled in size or general appearance. The largest one was three years old and weighed 875, the second a pig of the first, two years old, weighed 740 pounds, and the third full brother to the second, and same age, weighed 590 pounds. They were of the Poland-China breed, and Mr. Keiser said that they were just as healthy and as easily raised and fattened as any other kind.—*Lexington Gazette*.

Much tobacco of the new crop is coming forward in bad order. It is so high in order that it cannot pass safely through the near spring and summer sweat. This affects the price materially, and will continue to do so till the planters cease sending high cased tobacco into market.—*Paducah Herald*.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

HARTFORD MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the First Monday in September, 1875, and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MAJOR M. MONTGOMERY, A. B., added by composition. Assistant, one-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary, \$10.00 Higher School, \$20.00

Junior, \$15.00 Latin & Greek, \$25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

—SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

REFUND THE MONEY

AND TAKE BACK THE MACHINE.

Every machine we sell, or have sold, is sold upon this guarantee, and out of hundreds sold, and now being sold on a largely increased demand, not a

SUPERIOR IN EVERY

RESPECT

to any machine in the market. Any person

owning a Sewing Machine which is noisy, worn out, or does not do the work required, will find it to their advantage to send us a description of their machine, and get our

LIBERAL TERMS OF EXCHANGE

for the light running Remington. We have

recently come to Hartford, and expect to remain

here, until every family in Ohio and adjoining

counties is supplied with a Sewing Machine;

but do not wait for us to have and hunt you up, but go to us, and we will do our best to help you, and will be promptly attended to. No pains

will be spared in instructing parties who buy

machines. Machines can be bought on monthly

or quarterly installments. Patrons will

please write under seal of your Grange for cir-

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the Executive Committee of the State Grange.

State Grange. Liberal discounts to

Farmers, clubs, and all cash purchasers. Call

and examine our Machine. We will take pleasure

in showing you it, whether you buy or not.

Please address J. W. SUTTON,

Agent at Hartford for Ohio and adjoining

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—n25-3a

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